

I Understand

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Summary: Ami and Ani gush their feelings for each other out.

I Understand

Hey again

AN: look I am really really sorry about memories not getting out.

\*Dodges a flying, howling cat thrown by Smudge, a clucking chicken thrown by Theed, and a goat thrown by Jed-Eye

Great we're resorting to farm animals now... grand.

Skool ends June 16 and ill probably get the next part out soon

Summary: Anakin and Amidala gush out their feelings for each other...  
Ami is 20, Ani is 16.

POV: none

Paring: Ami/Ani

I Understand

Amidala paced like a caged animal in front of her massive window. Her lower lip bit, her hair loose and wild, and her eyes full of fear, the young queen looked as if she had much trouble sleeping. Her hands were locked behind her back and her head was held low as she felt two sapphire eyes drilling into the side of her head,

"Ami, what was so important that you had to wake me at 2 am in the morning?"

Amidala raised her hazel eyes from the floor and met the crystalline

blue ones that stared back at her.

Anakin Skywalker stepped out of the shadows and into the thin strip of moonlight that shone down onto Amidala's marble bedroom floor. At 16, Anakin was quite the looker. Women constantly tried for his affection, but to no avail. His heart was set on the woman before him. He had sandy blonde hair: spiky and short (with the exception of the small stub of ponytail and Padawan braid), that put the Tatooine sand's color to shame. His tan skin made girls swoon and men envy his luck. His figure was a pure blessing from the Gods. Lean and tall was this young Padawan... but still wonderfully built... with strong arms that Amidala yearned to be held with.

But nothing could describe his eyes.

Amidala tore her gaze from his and sighed. She turned her body to the giant window overlooking the exquisite city of Theed. Her home... her abandon... her safe haven. Well... that is, when it wasn't being attacked by droid armies or invaded by some damned country. Yes, Naboo was beautiful, but a target for any power wishing to gain control of the senate.

Anakin looked over his queen. She was distressed. Even in the pale, delicate moonlight, he could tell she hadn't received much sleep over the past few days. The dark circles under her soft eyes were his evidence. He gave her an up down. Slim figure and pale skin... with nice curves that shown through that light nightgown of hers. Dark, brown hair that made chocolate look like a sickly beige... and eyes to match. Anakin smirked.

She was definitely an angel.... All she needed now is the wings.

Anakin cleared his throat to gain her attention. No response. He gulped and took a step closer to her. She turned around slowly and sighed. "Anakin," she began sullenly, "I think that there are some things we need to discuss..." Anakin smiled and tried to lighten the mood. "Obviously, have you seen yourself your highness? You look exhausted... what's troubling you?" Amidala met his eyes and swallowed hard. "Anakin..." He raised an eyebrow quizzically. "Ami... you can trust me. Tell me... what's wrong?"

She sighed and turned to face the window again. The moon smiled upon her... urging her to tell Anakin what was wrong. Amidala lowered her head in defeat and began.

"Anakin... right now life is hectic. You and I both know that... that the galaxy is on the verge of war." She felt him shudder and nod behind her. "Besides that... I'm feeling... I'm feeling trapped. I feel like a prisoner in my own palace." Amidala paused and Anakin said nothing... and in silence... urged her to continue. "Everyone... and I am NOT exaggerating, is pushing me into this... this protective bubble, and they're telling me what to do.... How to rule my country. It's driving me crazy! They say I am not old enough... not wise enough... to run this world. They do not believe in me. But then... while I am still being treated like a child... they say I am to old to BE one! Anakin, I've lost my BEST YEARS slaving over this country and I feel..." Amidala choked back tears and sobbed. "I just feel so... alone... and so confused... and I didn't know who else to turn to."

Anakin stared at the back of his queen in shock. He never knew that she felt this way. Without thinking twice he stepped closer to her and hugged her around the waist. She sighed shakily and leaned into his embrace. "I know just how you feel, Ami." He whispered into her ear. At this, Amidala shuddered and pulled violently out of his embrace. "NO YOU DON'T!" she shouted. Anakin jumped back. "HOW COULD YOU UNDERSTAND?" her tear choked voice echoed through the immense room. Amidala placed her head against the cool glass of the window, and whispered... more to herself than to him.

"Anakin... I love you."

Anakin took a step back and tried to process what she had just said through his brain. "You... you love ME?" He asked uncertainly. Her usually monotone voice was now filled with passion and emotion as she spoke. "YES! Yes, I love you. I love you so much that it eats away at my soul! But the terrible thing is that I cannot love you! I am not allowed! And do you know why? Because you are too young! It is not only against the morals of my country... it is against the laws! Also... the fact that you are a Jedi doesn't help. Queens and Jedi are not meant to be."

Anakin felt his heart and blood boil with anger. "Amidala... just know this... I care for you too... more than words can express... but if you are going to let a trivial thing... such as age of occupation get in the way of a possible relationship... then I want nothing to do with you." Amidala sobbed and Anakin turned away in disgust... then stopped and turned around. "And I DO understand what you are going through, your highness!" Amidala spun around and faced him, wide eyed. He strode over to her until he was towering over her form and had her backed against the window. "All my life I have been told what to do! By Watto, by Obi-Wan, by the council... hell... even by you! I've also felt trapped. The temple... the space ships... Tatooine! They are all my prisons! The only safe haven I have is Naboo and I am very worried about the war. Last but not least... I've been told that I'm too old to act like a child... and also been told that I was too old to be trained as a Jedi... but here I am! And now..." he added while he pushed his face close to hers, "You tell me that I am too young to love? That... that is wrong."

Amidala's breathes came in gasps while his face was oh so dangerously close to hers. His voice calmed... as did his eyes. "And do you know why that is wrong, my queen?" he asked gently. Amidala shook her head slowly. Anakin smirked his trademark smirk and whispered against her lips, "Because what I feel for you is love." Amidala let her eyes flutter shut as his lips met hers in a soft virginal kiss... with the moonlight as their only witness.

And suddenly... everything was right in their lives.

End  
file.